

THRIFTS

EQUIPAGE:

Viz.

Fiue Diuine and Morall Meditations,
O F

1. Frugalitie.
2. Prouidence.
3. Diligence.
4. Labour and Care.
5. Death.

Prou. 28. 19.

*He that tilleth his Land shall haue plenteousnes of bread,
but he that followes idle persons, shall haue pouertie.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for Iohn Teage, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls
Church-yard at the signe of the Ball. 1622.

I Meddle not with newes of Parliament,
Court-Fanourites, or Kingdomes gouernement;
I on Kings secrets, and affaires of State,
Nor know, nor need, nor care to meditate:
Let gods, who haue the charge of all, beare sway,
The Muses must not censure, but obey.

I sing what most I wish; what's that? to thrine,
Without least wrong to any man aliue:
A gratefull Worke to all, to young and old,
That seeke to get or to increase their gold:
But why goes Death then with this christie traine?
Because I hold, it is the greatest gaine
To die well: For we no man truely call
Or rich, or happie, till his Funerall.

To the Author.

Vertue thine Obiect, thou her Subiect art;
Thou deck'st her in thy verse, she decks thine
Each th'other doth deservedly set forth; (heart:
From thee her praises flow, from her thy woorth.

R. C.

T O



TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE, WILLIAM,
LORD MAYNARD, MY
very good Lord.

TO whom should I these pleasing paines commend,
My Muse hath tane Frugality to trade?
But to the Muses deare and noble friend,
Who, as in Honour, seeks to thrive in Grace:
Who, truly nob'e, honoureth his Place;
Nor for his Place is onely honoured:
Whom should the Muses more desire to grace,
Then whom they haue up in their Bosomes bred,
And who with bounteous gifts them bath reguerdoned?

Such Bounty is true Thrift: Thus thou dost lay
Thy treasure up in hea'n; thus thou dost gaine:
By giuing of some fading goods away,
True honour, which for ever shall remaine:
If thou wilt pleased be to entertaine
Thrift and her traine, into thy Patronage,
I boldly dare in her behalfe maintaine,
Shae is faue, bounteous, sober, graue and sage,
And fit to counsell thee, in Youth, in Strength, and Age.

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Next, Prouidence shall guide thee and protect,
In all wherein thine hand is diligent,
And holy Care and Labour shall direct
Thy Counsels to a iust and good euem,
To hau'n of Rest, to harbour of Content:
And if thou please to reade Deaths Meditation,
Thou shalt perceine her as an Herald sent,
To summon thee to heau'nly habitation,
To blessed Bride and Bridegroomes marriage-consummation:

Most happy end of all, that rightly runne
Their courses in the dayes of vanity!
With Wisedomes study Solomon begun,
But ends all with this Epithalamie:
Sweet Swan-like Farewell of Mortality!
Taste of true Ioy which euer shall remaine!
Then know, it is thy highest Dignitie,
This Earnest swe, of heau'n on earth, to gaine;
Which I will pray for, Thou must labour to attayne.

Your Lordships most deuoted in all
affectionate duty and seruice,

Robert Aylet.

MEDI-



MEDITATION I.
Of Frugality, or Thrift.

MY Muse now fares like some plaine country Mayd,
 Walking in fairest Garden for delight,
 With all variety and choyce arrayd,
 Of herbs and flowers to please the Sent & Sight;
 Who with the choycest flowers doth first bedight
 White silken pillowes of her bosome faire;
 But after their rich colours her inuite,
 With them to decke her head and golden haire,
 That as she them adorne, so they may all begay her.

For when Brides garden first I entered
 Of *Graces*, for delightfull meditation,
 I onely some choyce *Flowers* gathered,
 For *holy Life*, and heau'nly Contemplation:

But passing soorth with choyce of Delectation,
 Such sweet and rich variety I find,
 Fit to adorne my *life* and *conuersation*,
 Out of those pleasant knots I cannot wind,
 Which with new choyce of flowres & herbs delight my mind.

But amongst all the fragrant herbes and flowers,
 That in the *Graces* garden doe abound,
 I find none of more sou'raigne grace and powers,
 Than this of *Thrift*, which next I do propound:

An *herbe* indeed that's hardly to be found,
 Because she most what in a corner growes,
 And matteth low vpon the farrest ground,
 And many her mistake for likely shoves,
 But scarce one of an hundred that her truly knowes.

Oh heau'nly *Muse*! that taught the *shepherds swaine*,
 (As he his flocks was following great with yong,
 To feed them on faire *Jordans* flowrie plaine)
 Diuineſt skill in *Tunes* and heau'nly *Song*;

With ſome ſuch holy *Fury* touch my tong,
 Whiſt I now of *Frugality* do ſing;
 Who, though ſhe little doth to me belong,
 Yet if thou helpe to touch my harſher ſtring,
 I may teach ſome her practice, whiſt her praife I ring.

She is that *Vertue*, or that golden *Meane*,
 Twixt *Auarice* and *Prodigality*,
 The conſtant *Moderation* betweene
 Baſe *Niggardize*, and waſting *Luxury*.

We *Temp'rance*, *Abſtinenſe*, and *Modesty*,
 With *Continenſe*, in this word *THRIFT* contain;
 And yet exclude not *Liberality*.

Who doth to name of ^a *frugall man* attaine, ^{a homo frugi}
 One of the higheſt *Titles* due to man doth gaine.

And ſuch indeed haue onely right fruition
 Of all ſuch *fruits*, as God to man doth ſend;
 Who prudently here weighing their condition,
 Preſerue the *Subſtance*, and the *fruits* do ſpend:

Who flocks and cartell diligently tend,
 Graſſe, Vines and Corn that in the fields do grow,
 To them their *lambes* for clothing, *Wooll* will lend;
 From *Goats* and *Kine* great ſtore of milke ſhal flow,
 To feed their houthold, and large gifts abroad beſtow.

There is a *Thrift* in *Subſtance*, and in *Grace*;
 One *temporall*, the other *ſpirituall*:
 They that the one, without the other, trace,
 Do neither of them find perpetuall:

God is of both the *Cauſe* effectuall;
Apollo water, *Paul* may plant and ſow,
 But God it is that workt's all in all:

As all *ſpirituall Thrift* from him doth flow,
 So, by his bleſſing all in *ſubſtance* thriue and grow.

This

OF THRIFT.

3

This did the ^a *Churle* by good experience proue,
 So long as he good *Jacob* could retaine,
 He saw great blessings come from heau'n aboue,
 And therefore sought him ay to entertaine:

^a *Laban*

Whilst *Ioseph* with th'*Egyptian* doth remaine,
 All prospers in his house, and in his field,
 And in the prison he doth fauour gaine,
 Because all well succeeds that he doth wield:
 By heau'ns sweet influence the earth her fruits doth yeeld.

Thrift eldest daughter is of *Temperance*,
 By *Prudence* nursed in her tender yeeres,
 But when to riper yeeres she doth aduance,
 A *Standard* vnder *Fortitude* she beares:

Shee, graced by these three most noble *Peeres*,
 By their aduice directs her actions right,
 By *Temperance* she feedes, and cloathing weares;
 By *Prudence* store provides with wise foresight;
 By *Fortitude* 'gainst *Fortunes* blasts she stands vpright.

She moderateth all delights and pleasure,
 Not that she vs forbids all sports or play,
 But makes vs recreate our selues with measure,
 That from our selues they take vs not away:

As he that moderates, vpon the way
 His fiercer Steed, is said to vse him right;
 Not he that let's him runne about and stray:
 So onely he doth pleasures vse aright,
 That serues not them, but makes them serue to his delight.

For she not onely is a *Moderation*
 In meates, and what to clothing doth pertaine,
 But she eke moderates our recreation,
 Lest for it we do lose a greater gaine:

She doth too much of any thing refraine,
 And cuts off all luxurious vaine expence.
 If thou to thrift and riches wouldst attaine
 Here, seeke not to increase and raise thy rents,
 But moderate Desire, and vaine Concupiscence,

I euer from *Frugallitie* exclude
 All sordid basenesse, want of aliment,
 She out of plenty alwaies doth seclude
 Some few things necessary for Content:

For to be *frugall* and *magnificent*,
 May both well in a prudent man combine,
 Else *Thrift* no daughter is of *Temperment*;
 I onely those for frugall men define,
 Who vse their store, but suffer it not to decline.
 I oft do find in some a simulation,
 Or ostentation of *Frugality*;
 When great men follow thriftie imitation
 Of those, which are of meaner qualitie:

And this may be too much *Rusticitie*,
 Be it in *Diet*, *Vessels*, *Ornament*;
 Best rule for *Thrift* in all, is *Modesty*:
 For where it meetes with one that's prouident,
 Hee's temp'rate, modest, frugall and magnificent.

But the most deare and faithfull friend to *Thrift*,
 Is carefull *Husbandry*, and *Prouidence*:
 This is the *thriving Vertue*, which is grift
 On stocke of *Labour*, *Care*, and *Diligence*.

This brings in fewell to *Magnificence*,
 And like good huswife fetcheth food from farre.
 The thriftie handmaid of *Beneficence*,
 In Summer for the Winter taketh care;
 And, ere she builds, *Materials* doth abroad prepare.

Fye on the lazie *Grasshopper*, that sings
 All Summer, and in Winter sterues for cold,
 Vnlike the frugall *Pismire*, which still brings
 In new prouision, ere she spend her old:

Like many youthfull *Gallants*, who their gold,
 In summer of their youth do sport away;
 But when their coyne is spent, and land is sold,
 Too late, find *Ryot* cause of their decay:
 But prudent *Thrift* foresees and shunneth such euill day.

O F T H R I F T.

By ciuill Law, the *madde* and *prodigall*
Are interdicted the administration
Of their owne Goods; and haue *Curators* all,
To manage their estate in frugall fashion :

And so long must they both abide *Curation*;
The *furious* till he gets his wits againe,
The *Prodigall*, till he to emendation
Doth of his *Manners* and his *Thrift* attaine :
'Tis good for *Common-wealth*, none spend his state in vaine.

One, *Thrift* vnto the *Temples* doth compare
Amongst the *Heathen*, which, most sure *Asyle*,
And *Sanctuaries* for all Debtors were :
Another likes a *thrifty man*, ere-while,

To ground wel compact, and wel till'd with toyle:
For as such lands grow foule by slothfulnesse,
But fruitfull, where the plough doth stir the soyle:
So men grow grosse and foule by *Idlenesse*,
But pure and healthfull by laborious *Thriftinesse*.

Heathen, such fruitfull frugall men compare
Vnto the gods, who had so little need,
Though they had all, that they it all could spare
To *mortals*, who did here their blessings need :

Farre otherwise 'tis with our rich-mens breed;
They nothing spare, but spend eu'n all and more,
Their Flesh and Lusts luxuriously to feed:
Thus they, in plenty swimming, are but poore,
When those that haue but little, yet haue greater store.

This their *rich misery* doth not proceed
From any fault, that is in outward store,
But from *Lusts* and *Cupidities* which breed
In Soule and Body, as I said before :

Like some in fits of *Agues*, who the more
Coole Beere they drink, the more they do desire,
Their drinking thirst increaseth : He therefore
Must purge the humours, cause of all this Fire,
Else drinke till he burst, he growes within the drier.

Me thinkes I rightly may this *Thrift* compare
Vnto the seu'n fat *Kine* on *Nylus* shore,
Or those seu'n goodly *eares* of *Corne*, which were
To *Egypt*s Monarch signes of *Thrift* and store:

The *blasted eares*, and *Bullockes* leane and poore,
I liken vnto *Prodigality*:

Who all the fruits deuowers vp, and more,
That are provided by *Frugality*:

Thus she with her owne bowels feeds her enemy.

As when the *Ayer* suckes immoderately
Vp moysture from the ground, the clouds do fall

From thence againe on Earth most lauishly:

Eu'n so, when *Misers* here do licke vp all,

For to enrich their heyers therewithall,
Soone as the long-expected day doth come
Of their most welcome, tearelesse funerall,
Their wealth all lauishly about doth run,
Till their rich cloud be spent, and they be quite vndone.

It is most terrible, prodigious,

To see an Earthquake, with dread violence,

Swallow a Country, City, Towne, or House;

Yet *Prodigals*, oft by profuse expence,

Do swallow Towers, Houses, Farms and Rents:

Then they, saith one, them vomit vp againe,

Not truly sell them; for they haue long since

Them spent in drinking, lusts and pleasures vaine;

They onely now are faint to spue them out for paine.

Many good precepts find I of the wise,

Vs to instruct in true *Frugality*;

But *Dauid* doth the onely way aduise,

In his most sweet diuine Psalmody:

He shall haue plenty and prosperity,

That scares the Lord, and scatters to the poore,

His name be blessed to Posterity.

He that disperseth shall haue greater store:

For goods-disposer giues him all his wealth therefore;

Abels first frugall man I of do reade,
Who gaue the fairest *firstlings* of his Flockes,
Because there was no poore that then had need,
To him that gaue him all his store and stockes.

This gaue to *Isaac* great and castie Shockes,
When in one yeere he reapt an hundred-fold:
Jacob, that went out with a staffe, now stockes
All *Shechims* country with his Herd and Fold:
The land of *Canaan* scarce can all his substance hold.

The Heathen say, that *heauenly* Providence
To mortals here for labours Blessings sell:
And therefore do require all diligence
Of all, that would haue all things prosper well.

Of *Abstinence* and *Continence* some tell,
That giue a man with little, much content;
Which of anothers inch will make an ell,
By whom nought lauishly on *Lusts* is spent,
But onely needfull wants of Nature to content.

Fabricius thus with little, doth despise
Great Princes presents, and the gifts of Kings:
His Flocks him cloath, his Farmes with food suffice.
Seranus is his plough a-following,

When as the *Senate* comes, him newes to bring,
That they him their *Dictator* had elected.
Braue *Curius*, who, for Empires managing,
Was after of all *Consuls* most respected,
Dwelt in a country-Cottage all alone neglected.

More royal's sure Content in Pouerty,
In little homely *Bayres*, which can defend
Vs from Sunnes heate, and Ayers iniury,
Then glistring Towers, where they waste & spend

In pompe and luxury, what God doth lend:
There, costly Dainties oft with poyson wound:
Here, without cost, the earth sound Cates doth send:
There, golden Vessels, purple Beds are found:
Here, all the flowry bankes do rest and quiet sound.

When

When *Alexander*, in a little Tunne,
Saw a great Tenant with content of mind,
The *Cynicke*, Lo, saith he, that here doth wun
More rest, than I in all the world can find:

I couet all, he nothing lesse doth mind.
They surely haue more pleasure, and lesse paine,
Who are with little vnto *Thrift* inclin'd,
Than they that seeke a world of wealth to gaine,
That they may more indulge to ease and pleasure vaine.

One praiseth *hunger*, as best sawce to meat,
Because it cost him least, yet saueur'd best,
And alwaies with delight did drinke and eate,
Because he ne're did without hunger feast.

Some onely liue to eate, drinke and digest,
But we ought onely eate and drinke to liue;
To liue to feed, is to be like a beast:
Who would in reason more, than sense, be thrise,
To body needfull things, to Soule must plenty giue.

Xantippe's said once *Socrates* too blame,
For that he often made an inuitation
Of greatest friends; yet's fare was still the same,
Auoyding alwaies costly preparation:

Soone he replide thus to her allegation:
If, as they seeme, they be our friends indeed,
They will respect our *Thrift*; but if for fashion
They make a shew: let's to our selues take heed,
And not spend our estate, them daintily to feed.

These patternes are of frugall abstinence,
Which, as you see, the Heathen eu'n adore;
Now see the holy fathers prouidence
To raise themselves to plenty being poore:

Noe, *Abraham*, *Boox*, and a thousand more,
Liue vpon Tillage, Grazing, Husbandry,
And tend their flocks, corne, cattell, grasse, and store:
Yea, Kings did hereunto themselves apply,
To ioyne *Magnificence* with this *Frugality*.

OF THRIFT.

Eu'n after *Saul* anoynted is a King,
 He followeth the Cattell from the field,
 And they that death to *Ishbosheth* did bring,
 Came to buy Corne; it seemes he *Tillage* held.

None e're did so magnificently weld
 A Scepter, as did royall *Salomon*,
 To which his *Thrift* such wondrous store did yeeld:
 To his sheepe-shearing sprucest *Absolon*,
 Inuites eu'n princely *David*, and his eldest sonne.

See how great Princes, and the sonnes of Kings
 Are not ashamed of *Frugality*.

Priests liu'd indeed of Tythes and Offerings,
 And therefore lookt most to Gods husbandry:

Paul had a trade, although a Pharisee;
 And though he to th'Apostleship attaine,
 Yet workes he in his Trade and Mysterie,
 His liuing with his labour here to gaine, (taine.
 Nor will he charge the Church, though bound, him to main-

Th'Apostles all were Fishermen, and gain'd
 Their liuing, by induring wet and cold:
 Diuines thinke, *Ioseph* blessed *Iesus* train'd
 In his owne Trade, till he thrise ten yeeres told.

I could be yet three times as manifold,
 This Vertue with examples to commend,
 But I had rather be a little bold,
 And you perswade her practice to intend;
 One's for her praise, but this is counsell for a friend:

Oh what a happinesse it is to liue,
 And do much good, without offence, to all!
 To eate secure those eates our ground doth giue,
 To lie so low, one can no lower fall.

Yet haue eu'n there Content imperiall:
 No wickednesse can enter such a Cell,
 Highest delights, that can a Prince befall,
 This priuate Cottage may affoord as well,
 Where care not halfe their sorrowes vnto thee will tell.

To many, *Rift* from *meane* to *great* estate,
Is not an *end*, but *change* of *Misery*:
The fault is in the *Mind*, (not in the *Fate*,)
Which is the *same* in *wealth* and *pouerty*:

Who onely mind *change* and *variety*,
Liue ill, because they still begin to liue:
They rightly here inioy prosperity,
That so much pleasure to their Bodies giue,
As they not for, but in the Body sought to liue.

Happy is he, who neuer saw that one
With whom he would exchange his *meane* estate;
Most miserable, who to that are come,
They things, which were superfluous of late,

Haue now made necessary to their state:
Such are eu'n slaves, not masters of their pleasure;
They loue their ills, which is the hardest fate.
Alas! there is no remedy nor measure
Of Vices, when as men esteeme them as a treasure.

No good befalls a man vnder the Sunne,
The which his mind is not prepar'd to lose:
No losse more easie is to any one,
Than of the things he hath no need to vse:

He's neuer poore, who *Natures* rules doth chuse;
Nor rich, that liueth by *Opinion*:
Natures desires be finite; boundlesse those,
That false *Opinion* depend vpon,
Loathing no Sallet: Hunger likes an Onion.

Sure he is best, to whom with sparing hand,
God giues sufficient, let him wish no more:
In need of things superfluous to stand,
Is miserable want, in greatest store.

Excesse oppresseth many, who before
With little could haue liu'd and beene content:
These, though they haue enough, yet still be poore,
Because they first beyond their compasse went:
This cuill prudent *Thrift* betimes seeke to preuent,

Who

OF THRIFT.

II

Who is not made in *Husbandry* to sweat,
 May sweat in *Arts* or *Lanes* politicall;
 'Tis fit all earne their bread, before they eate:
 Nothing is more expensive, prodigall,
 Than to haue nothing here to doe at all:

Want of employment, Ease, and Idlenesse,
 Haue caus'd more noble Houses here to fall,
 Than *Fortunes blasts*, or *Enuies bitterness*.
 Let him not liue to spend, that nothing doth professe.

Then let him neuer liue, that doth professe
 What's worse than nothing, *basest Vsurie*:
 Herein is certaine profit, I confesse,
 But alwaies with anothers *miserie*:

Is this the vertue of *Frugality*?
 By others losses to increase our store?
 Then so is *rapine, theft, and robbery*,
Selling of Iustice, which oft bring in more,
 Than all the *frugall Trades* I named haue before.

Since *Nature* with so little is content,
 Who here would vse vnlawfull Arts for gaine?
 We are but *Stewards* here of what is sent,
 If we our *Talents* vse aright to gaine,

We twice as many shall of God obtaine:
 But if to hide them in the earth we chuse,
 Or spend them on our *Lusts* and *Pleasures* vaine,
 They shall be tane from vs, who them abuse,
 And giu'n to such as shall them to Gods glory vse.

But I so worldly *Thrift* haue followed,
 That I forgotten haue to *thriue* in *Grace*,
 And as it in the world is practised,
 Must put her off vnto the second place:

For I so neere haue finished my race,
 I must deferre this to another time:
 God grant we may them both aright imbrace.
 Now, like good husbands, knocke we off betime,
 And be at worke to morrow in the mornings prime.

OF

Of Gods Providence.

BEhold ! how Birds for morrow take no care;
 Secure, God will due food for them prepare:
 Can woorthlesse Birds be confident of meate?
 And is a farthing-Sparrowes Faith so great,
 She knowes, but by Gods will, she cannot fall?
 And shall Gods sonnes, Christs images, once call
 In doubt their Makers will, to do then good?
 No sure: who lends them life, will giue them food.

MEDITATION 2.

Of Providence.

THe frugall Husband, which I erst describ'd,
 So soone as *Titan* with his glistering Beames,
 Begilds the locks of stately Pines, which hide
 The tops of Mountaines from his hotter gleames;
 Walkes forth amongst his *cattell, flocks & teames*,
 His Land to open to Sunnes mellowing heate,
 And feed his Herds along the siluer streames,
 To drinke and bathe, when they their fil haue eate,
 That fat they him may feed, that now provides them meate:

Thus *early rising*, as the Prouerbe sayes,
 Brings *Thrift* in body, in estate, and mind;
 The *early riser* spends in health his dayes,
 And by his diligence doth plenty find;
 And in the morning better is inclin'd
 To Prayer, and diuine Meditation:
 Thus, in a three-fold Cord, he *Thrift* doth wind;
 He driueth *Sloth* farre from his habitation,
 His Soule in Grace, his Body thrives by recreation;

OF PROVIDENCE.

13

For these respects the *Husbands* country life
Transcends the *Citie* trades mechanicall,
Or shoves at Court, where reigne Ambition strife;
Or Merchants which on hazzard stand or fall:

For though *Thrift* in estate these oft befall;
And *Thrift* in Grace, in many there we finde,
Yet scarce a strong sound Body 'mongst them all;
They want pure aire whereby the bloud's refine
And wholesome exercise to country life assign'd.

Well as I could, I rich *Frugality*
Did late, as her becomed well, array:
I next describe foure of her company,
Which alwayes with this *thrifty* vertue stay:

The first two well I name the daughters may
Of *Prudence*, *Providence*, and *Diligence*,
Next two themselves from *Temperance* conuay,
*Thrift*s Sisters, *Abstinence* and *Continence*:
Of these foure I would sing, and first of *Providence*.

Oh! thou by whose most pow'rfull onely Word,
All was of nothing made and finished,
And of this *All*, mad'st man the little Lord,
That by him *All* might well be ordered:

Who *hayes* of our head hast numbred,
Nor lettest the least *Sparrow* fall to ground,
But as thou hast before determined,
Make heavenly *Wisedome* in mine heart abound,
That I may *wade*, not *drowne*, in *Providence* profound:

There is *Diuine* and *humane* *Providence*,
Diuine is infinite, vnlimited
Transcending *Reason*, more than *Reason* Sense,
And may to glorious *Sunne* be likened:

The Stars who thence their light haue borrowed,
Doth *humane* *Providence* resemble right,
Which by *diuine* is aye enlightened,
And though like *Starres* it oft appeareth bright,
Yet when the *beav'nly* shines, it is obscured quite:

B

Then

Then pardon, Reader, if my *Muses* eye
 Dazeled with glory great, and splendour bright
 Of *Providence divine*, heere to decry
 Vnable is the darke obscured light

Of *humane*; as indeed I ought by right:
 When I come to her *Sister Diligence*,
 I may recover well againe my sight,
 My *Muse* now rapt with *heav'nly Providence*
 Can not descend to highest humane excellence.

But that I may describe her as a *Grace*,
 And linke her in the *virtues* golden *Chaine*,
 Th' *Almighties* Scepter call or *Mace*
 Which doth all *Peace* and *Order* heere maintaine:

The *bounteous hand*, which al things doth sustaine,
 Whose eyes for nourishment vp to her looke,
 Who *iust's* rewards, and eke the *wicked's* Paine
 Doth register for euer in a booke:
 Thus, as *Gods Truth* and *Lowe*, she for a *grace* is tooke.

Thus one eternall powrefull *Providence*
 Heere gouernes all things being by *Creation*:
 The *necessary Agents*, wanting sense,
 Receive their motion by her ordination:

The *voluntary* by her moderation
 Are aye dispos'd, and rul'd by their owne will,
 Which will she vseth as a *Mediation*;
 No man against his will doth good or ill,
 Though without *Grace* we of our selues no good can will.

Sure *Adam* in pure innocence was free
 To eate the fruit forbidden, or abstaine:
 Else iustly how could he condemned be,
 Except he had a power to refraine?

But since that *guilt originali* did staine,
 With him, all imps which from that stock proceed,
 We still retaine *freewill*, none dares gaineaine,
 But it is onely vnto euill deed,
 Grace onely by *New birth* a will to good doth breed.

OF PROVIDENCE.

Schooles may dispute; the Truth is plainly this:

*As we are men, we power haue to will,
As men corrupt, we alwayes will amisse,
As borne againe, to good we haue a will.*

Thus Nature Freewill giues, Sinne bends to ill;
Grace vnto Good: But now I seeme to stray
From Providence diuine, to mans freewill,
But this as needfull shew I by the way,
How Providence doth voluntary agents sway.

Her Nature yet more plaine to vnderstand,
We must conceiue the worlds great Marischall,
As he made all things by his mighty hand,
So he for euer them disposeth all.

By Providence; not onely generall,
By which the Spheres in their due motions ride,
And Summer and the winter seasons fall,
But as he by his speciall doth guide
And orders euery thing, that doth on earth betide.

And this we call diuine Necessitie,
Free from Coaction, which doth all dispose
To proper ends, yet with free liberty
Of will, the things we doe to leaue or choose:

Thus in respect of God, that future knowes
As present, all effects are necessary,
And, in respect of second causes those,
To vs contingent are: Last voluntary,
As they respect mans will, and motion arbitrary.

God wonders sees in Moses weeping face,
When Pharaoh's Daughter him in Arke doth finde,
As she by chance, did wash her in that place,
And's mother for his nurse, by chance assign'd;

And when to leaue the Court hee was inclin'd,
His Brethrens quell bondages to see,
He went forth with a free and willing mind;
Lo thus in this example all the three,
Diuine foresight, man's will, and Chance in one agree:

And therefore when of *Fortune* you do reade,
 With reference to man it vnderstand,
 Who most to the *event* of things take heed,
 Not to the *Cause*, Gods most Almighty hand :

Else *Chance* and *Providence* can neuer stand
 Together in th' *Almighties* gouernment ;
 Who being *Cause* of all he doth command,
 Them orders all vnto a sure *event*,
 Though farre aboue mans limited intendement.

Of things indeed which seeme by chance to be,
 The *Order*, *Cause*, *Necessity* and *end*
 Are hid, in Gods close *Counsell* and *Decree* :
 We onely able are to apprehend

By the *event*, how God doth them intend :
 Thus Clerk's a *threesfold* working doe obserue
 Of *Providence*; which far their reach transcend,
 And yet they all to *one same end* doe serue,
 To shew Gods glory, and his creatures to preserue.

Thus *meanes* and *second causes* she doth vse,
 Oft workes without, by *power immediate*,
 And oft to worke *against meanes* she doth chuse :
 Two last men call *Necessity* or *Fate*,

Because the *Cause* they can not calculate :
 (Oh richest *Wisedome*, *Knowledge* without bound
 Of the Almighty ! without time, or Date,
 Thy Iudgements no man able is to found,
 Beyond all mens conceit, thy counsels are profound.)

Like this is that *Philosophers* assigne
 To *Counsell*, *Nature*, *Chance* and *Providence*;
 By *Counsell*, they meant *Will* and *Reasons* line ;
 By *Nature*, force of heau'nly influence ;
 By *Chance*, when they below beheld *events*,
 But not their *Cause*: Last when some *Grace* did fall
 Past *Natures*, *Chance*, and *Counsels* euidence,
 That *Speciall Providence* diuine they call,
 Not but they vnderstood she had her hand in all.

OF PROVIDENCE.

17

Sweet fruit of *Providence* to be perswaded,
 That all below is ordered by Gods hand,
 Nothing by *Chance*: Thus when we are inuaded
 By *Foes, Death, Hell*, we most vndanted stand:
 We, God *prime cause* of all things vnderstand,
 Respecting yet *inferiour* in their place,
 Which alwayes wait vpon the first's command,
 And all are to the *glory of his grace*,
 Whereby God his elect doth aye in loue embrace.

Oh what inestimable quietnesse!
 From hence ariseth to a godly minde,
 Though euils without number him oppresse,
 Which like so many Deaths he then doth finde,
 Knowing not how his wretched selfe to winde
 From Cruelty, which him fast followeth,
 And doth so fast with cords and fetters binde,
 That eu'ry minute threateneth his Death;
 And scarcely suffers him to draw his languid breath,
 Yet if this Light of *beau'nty Providence*
 Shines to his Soule; then all Anxiety,
 Feare, Care, Distrust, are banisht quite fro' thence,
 And he releu'd in all extremity:
 Then knowes he that one gracious Maiesty,
 Heere by his power so directeth all,
 By wisdomes rules, and by his Bonity
 Disposeth so, that nothing euer shall,
 But for Gods glory and his owne good him befall:
 To fleshes obloquy, some giuing way,
 Confesse the *highest Powers* gouerne all,
 But that with *mortals* heere they vse to play,
 As we at hazard tosse a Tennis-ball:

Some all would haue by *Chance* and *Fortune* fall;
 Some others grant that God doth all incline,
 But that mans wit, and will must worke withall,
 These men with God in gouernment, doe ioyne
 And his most constant purpose to mans will confine.

Some, to excuse God, grant that Power diuine
Permitteth euill, but not with his will,
And suffreth Satan heere to blind the eyne
Of Reprobates; but no wayes ill doth will,

But sure God willingly permitteth ill,
Since by his power he goodnesse able is,
To draw from ill, his purpose to fulfill;
For thus did *Pharaoh* wilfully amisse,
Yet God turnes all to's glory, and his chosens blisse.

As Sunnes pure beames exhale from filthy Oose
Foule vapours, which no whit the Sunne defile;
So doth Gods *Providence* of ill dispose,
Yet of no euill he partakes the while:

And as not in Sunnes Beames, but in the soyle,
The matter of the vapour doth consist,
So in mans heart is Bitternesse and bile,
And not in God, who euill doth resist,
Or turnes such euill into Goodnesse, as he list.

Thus *Kings, Priests, Rulers, Elders* all combin'd
Against the Lord, and his anointed Sonne:
And *Pilate, Herod, Iewes* and Gentiles ioynd,
To doe what God decreed to be done:

But they ment wickedly eu'n euery one,
The people a vaine thing imagined,
To crucifie the Lord of Life they runne,
But God, we see, thereby hath quickened
The members all, whereof he is the glorious head.

As when we see faire *Phœbus* gentle beames,
Vnited in a burning glasse, enflame,
We vse not to accuse *Sunnes* gracious gleames,
For such offence, but *Burning glasse* doe blame,

Wherin, without the *Sunne*, 's nor heat nor flame.
So when we see the wicked man abuse
The fairest gifts of *Nature* to his shame;
The *Author* of them we must not accuse,
But *wilfull man*, that doth them heere ynduly vse:

Good,

OF PROVIDENCE.

19

Good, Powerfull, Wise, Disposer of all things!
 So wise thou all Disorders ordrest right,
 So good thy Goodnes good from euill brings,
 So pow'rfull all sublist vpon thy might;

How should an ignorant, weake, wicked wight,
 Conceiue thy *Wisedome*, *Power*, and *Providence*?
 Much lesse by *Simile* it more inlight,
 It farre surpasseth mine intelligence:
 Things knowne I doe admire, the rest I reuerence.

But I by *Providence diuine* am led
 To passe the bounds of *frugall* meditation;
 Pardon, *great Clarkes*, that I haue meddled
 To taste a *mysterie*, by Contemplation,

Worthy your *argument*, and *disputation*:
 I was desirous to resolute my minde
 In this high point of *heau'nly moderation*,
 Wherein most wondrous comfort I doe find,
 To see how things *on earth* are first in *heau'n* design'd.
 Who can suppose this *world* so perfect, rare,
 Not gouern'd by one *pow'rfull providence*?
 Since all which without moderators are,
 Consisting of the foure first elements,
 Can not continue; *Houses*, *Tenements*,

Without a *tenant*, ruine and decay:
 Vnpruned *Vines* doe loose their excellence,
 Mans *Body* failes, when soule doth passe away;
 So would this *Vniuerse*, should God forbear a day.

As members of a man aright do moue
 First by his vnderstanding and his will,
 So doth this *Vniuerse* by God aboue,
 And all concord his pleasure to fulfill:

Who duely wait on *Providence*, he will
 Make happy heere, and blessed euermore:
 Not that he doth the carelesse idle fill
 With blessings temporall, or heau'nly store.
 Who will not row on Sea, shall neuer come a-shore.

It is a dangerous and impious thing,
 Thus to dispute with Providence diuine,
 Mine arme nor good, nor bad, to passe can bring,
 All's done by the *Almighties* firme designe:

The *written Word* must be our square and line,
 Gods *secret purpose*, and *reuealed Will*
 Confound not by a vaine conceit of thine:
 Thus *Theeues* may, blamelesse, *true men* rob and kill,
 And say they but Gods *secret purposes* fulfill.

For *Providence* doth not vs mortals tend,
 As *mothers infants* newly brought to light,
 Which haue no strength themselues then to defend
 'Gainst ayers iniuries, or forreine might:

But as the *Father* that his *Sonne* hath dight
 With strength, and weapons 'gainst his enemies,
 Directeth him to order them aright,
 And to defend himselfe from iniuries,

Religion neuer negligent and idle lyes.
 They that are godly and religious,
 With *Providence* sweet *Diligence* do ioyne,
 God that without our selues hath 'fashion'd vs,
 Without thy selfe saues neither thee nor thine:

And therefore prudent men provide in time,
 Against all future want that happen may;
 When therefore we for morrow do designe
 Things necessary; none can iustly say,
 Or iudge vs too much carefull, for the following day.

The Lord of all did needfull things provide,
 Therefore the bagge false *Iudas* carried,
 The Loaves and Fishes which he did diuide
 Amongst fve thousand which him followed,

Th' Apostles carri'd for their dayly bread:
Paul temp'rall *Almes* provideth for his Nation,
 Where he the *spirituall* had published:

Ioseph from *Nile* comes to make preparation,
 To saue aliue old *Iacob* and his generation.

OF PROVIDENCE.

21

Of these learne to provide things necessary :
 Of Beasts to shunne and to avoid all ill ;
 Who neere things hurtfull to them do not tarry,
 Nor nigh vnto those places trauell will,
 Where they into a Ditch haue lately fill ;
 The Bird escapt, eschewes the Fowlers gin,
 Nor will be tempted more with all his skill :
 The fish that finds the hooke the bait within,
 Thence to provide against such danger doth begin.

Things past, for future, are sound documents,
 He that is *wise*, the euill doth foresee,
 And hides himselfe from many nocuments,
 Which can not by the *foole* auoided be :

Most admirable, vertuous, wise is he,
 That things foreseeing wisely can provide,
 Nothing on earth without a cause we see,
 Though them the highest *wisdome* so doth hide
 They can not by our feeble reason be descride.

The *world* may be compared to a *Stage*;
 We *mortals* to *spectators*, they that stay
 Without to see her *antique equipage* ;
 Doe truely as they ought behold the play :

The curious that about the *Stage* do stray,
 And pry into the *secret tyring roome*,
 Are by *Stage-keepers* often driv'n away :
 All must not into *Natures secrets* come,
 Although she many *Mysteries* reueale to some.

How dares proud man inquire so curiously
 Of Gods *hid counsels*, and his *secret will* ?
 The *Bethshemites* into the *Arke* did pry,
 And God with sudden vengeance them doth kill.

Provide thee good things, and auoid the ill,
 So maist thou many liue, and happy dayes,
 Presume not to be wise about thy skill,
 By Gods *reuealed will* guide all thy wayes,
 His *secret Counsels* search not, but admire and praise,

And

And yet because God all doth here dispose,
 Thou like a senselesse Idol must not stand:
 God gaue thee not for nought, *eares, eyes, hands, nose,*
 A will to do, a wit to vnderstand:

Employ these alwayes by his iust command,
 The whole successe leaue to his Providence,
 Acknowledge all good blessings from his hand,
 And labour, with all *care and diligence,*
 To thriue in *Goodnesse, Grace, and all Intelligence.*

But aboue all from *murmuring* refraine,
 Or magnifying *fleshes arme or might*:
 So axe may boast, that it along hath laine

The *Cedars*; and the *Plane* may claime, as right,
 That by it's worke thy *roofe* so faire was dight:

So may the *rod* of *Moses* bragge and boast,
 It all the Wonders did in *Pharaohs* fight:
 The *Asses* *lame-bone*, that it slue an host:
 But most the *house*, when *Samson* pulled downe the post,

On whom we ought to cast eu'n all our care,
 To him we must ascribe the Praise of all:
 In his hand both our Soules and Bodies are,
 By Power of his Breath we stand and fall:

From him all was, is now, and euer shall:
 Of all the things done vnderneath the Sunne,
 The ^a *wiseman* sought a reason naturall, Eecl. 8. 17
 But was as blind, as when he first begunne,
 Though first he thought he could discouer any one.

Gods counsels shall for euermore indure,
 His thoughts stand firme in eu'ry generation;
 Our hearts he fashions, and conceiueth sure,
 Our workes and secretest imagination:

Who to the *Rau'ns* giues food and sustentation,
 So gouernes all, they nothing here shall need,
 That wait on him with patient expectation:
 With temporall and heau'nly he doth feed
 All those, that craue aright of him spirituall seed.

OF PROVIDENCE.

19

In number, measure, weight, he doth dispose
Of all things; He preserves both man and beast:
When *cave* and *paines* may saue thee from thy foes,
Use *diligence*, to God commit the rest:

And when thou art so mightily distressed,
Thou canst no helpe in *arme of flesh* behold,
Vpon his *providence* that made thee, rest:
That in thy *mothers wombe* thy members told,
And in his *Booke* hath eu'ry one of them inrold.

Good counsell gaue that *Heauen*, *Haue a care*
Vnto thyselfe; *most of thyselfe* take heed:

He meant, Lusts and Corruptions which are
Within vs; which to vs most danger breed:

With others we deale warily indeed,
Lest they deceiue vs by their subtilty,
But our owne vile affections little heed,
Although we haue no greater enemy;
Thus we escape *Gaths sword*, and on our owne do dis.

The *Ioues* may with their *Oratour* conspire
Pauls ruine; nothing shall to him befall,
But to aduance his *Crowne*, and *Gospell* hier:
So as his bonds in *Cesars* Iudgement hall,

Are manifest and famous 'mongst them all:
To the Elect, and those that truly loue,
Nothing but for the best shall euer fall:
This by examples thousand I could proue,
Happy who finds it written in his heart by loue.

The *Lyons want* and *hunger* may endure;
Who seeks the Lord, wants nothing that is good,
The Angel of the Lord him keepes secure,
From his owne *lusts* hels *fury*, wicke ds *mood*.

This of the weakest may be vnderstood,
If ought here passeth thine intelligence,
Sucke thou the *milke*, and leaue the *stronger food*.
Here ends my song of *heau'nly Providence*,
Next, followes her attendant *humane Diligence*.

MEDITATION 3.

Of Diligence.

WHo, with a prudent heart, and godly minde,
Will take a view how things are wrought below,
In all effects shall *good* and *euill* find,
As *cause* is *good* or *ill*, from whence they flow ;

Thus God first *Cause* of all thy actions know,
As they be *good* ; thy selfe as they be *ill* ;
Which doth Gods pow'r and goodnesse greater show,
In vsing heere mans *vile corrupted will*,
As second *cause* his sound, good purpose to fulfill.

All *euill* then comes from mans *vicious will*,
Not moou'd thereto by meere *necessity*,
As senselesse *Agents* are to good or ill,
But giues consent thereto most willingly :

By Natures Light we *good* from *ill* descry,
But this vs onely leaues without excuse,
When seeing better we the worst doe try,
And thus God of mans *malice* makes good vse,
And he is iustly punished for his abuse.

Oh mans peruerseness ! grant him least *freewill*,
And he becomes *vaine, proud* and *insolent* :
Deny him any power to doe or will,
And he growes *lazy, slothfull, negligent* :

First kinde are meritorious, *impudent*,
And merit for themselues and others will,
The other *Epicure-like*, take content
In *pleasure, eating, drinking* of their fill,
Or in an idle, *melancholique sitting still*.

But

OF DILIGENCE

25

But *Diligence*, the *Grace* I next propound,
 For this last euill is best remedy,
 This *Viper* which most dang'rously doth wound
 Our soules with senselesse spirituall *Lethargy*,

And brings too *aspish-lazy Accidy* :
 Most perilous, because we feele least harme.
 Oh, this is Satans subtillest *Lullaby*,
 Our soules with *stupid lazinesse* to charme,
 And then of *spirituall armes* and *weapons* to disarme,
 Thou that hast promis'd endlesse happinesse,
 To all which at *thy coming* thou dost find
 Intent vnto their *Masters* businesse,
 And diligent in body and in minde,

Make all my Soules and Bodies powr's inclin'd
 To *Diligence*, whilst I her praises write,
 Vnloose the chaines, the fetters strong vnbind
 Of *Sloth* and *Dulnesse*, which, to blackest night
 Leade blindfold, *drowisie* soules that take therein delight.

Vigilance, *Industry*, and *Diligence*

So like indeed one to another are,
 My plainer Muse scarce sees a difference,
 And therefore all will but as one declare ;

Our soules and bodies powers they prepare,
 In eu'ry noble Vertue to transcend,
 Nothing on earth that's admirable rare,
 Without these can be brought to perfect end,
 On these do *honest care* and *labour* aye attend.

For godly, iust and necessary *cares*
 Are parts substantiall of *Diligence*,
 And as she for the future thus prepares,
 Hauing to *Truth* and *Iustice* reference,

She is a *Grace* of wondrous excellence :
 But if she spring from *Envy*, *emulation*,
Ambition, *Feare*, or other base pretence,
 She is a curious base abomination,
 The busie vice that author is of desolation.

Industry

Industry best agreeth to the mind,
 In which she frames a quicke *Dexterity*,
 In *Arts* and *Sciences* the right to find,
 And they that know her wondrous energy,
 In *Physicke*, *Law*, and in *Diuinity*,
 Know, that she tends the neereſt to perfection,
 And is to humane imbecillity
 Moſt ſound defence, ſecure, and ſafe protection,
 'Gainſt Satans Malice, their owne Luſts, & worlds infection.

We well Dame *Nature* may the Mother name
 Of noble *Industry* and *Diligence*,
 Yet oft we ſee their wondrous force doth tame,
 Things againſt Nature, without violence;
 All other *Vertues* glorious excellence,
 Which we in *Heroes* juſtly do admire,
 Haue their Beginning and Perfection thence:
 Where *Industry* and *Diligence* conſpire,
 Wants nothing that we can in mortall man deſire.

For as ſhe many *euill* things amends,
 So is ſhe of all *good* the conſummation,
 Moſt diſſolute baſe manners ſhe commends
 Soone, vnto honeſt thrifty reformation.

An infirme body by exercitation,
 And *Diligence*, becommeth ſtrong and ſound:
 She frees old-Age from grieuous moleſtation
 Of painefull ſharpe Diſeaſes that abound.
 Fields of the *diligent* are fruitfull euer found.

For by this *Diligence* all well ſucceed,
 No idle hower on her head doth ſhine,
 She her beſt howers ſpends with prudent heed,
 And all her buſineſſe aright doth line,

She finds to all things an appointed time,
 Except it be for Slouth and Idleneſſe.
 If idle words be iudged ſuch a crime,
 Much more the loſſe of times high preciousneſſe,
 Which cannot be regain'd with coſt and carefulneſſe.

Where-

OF DILIGENCE.

23

Wherefore good fathers of a Family,
First rise, and latest go to bed at night:
And those that loue the *Musas* company,
Do vse their eyes to read by Candle-light.

Artificer, good-Husband, Merchant, Knight,
And *Magistrate*, this Vertue doth defend.
Nothing so difficult, but by the might
Of *Diligence*, is conquer'd in the end,
Therefore in all affaires she is our surest friend.

But none more enemies than *Negligence*,
Slouth, *Dulnesse*, *Carelesnesse*, and *Idlenesse*,
Impurest mire of foule *Concupiscence*,
The forge of Lust, and draught of filthinesse;

Whence come all Vices, Sinne and Wickednes,
Which turne men into Beasts, like *Sirens* charmes.
Oh *Slouth*! the nurse and mother of excessse,
Like *Statue* standing still with folded armes,
And neuer moues to good, for feare of future harmes.

Vnnecessary Burthen on the ground,
Who when he hath consumed all his owne,
Deuoures his friends, and then a theefe is found,
More false, yea, than a begger bolder growne;
For though the beggers-bodies hands are sown,
And's mind is all on slouth and idlenesse,
Yet often in his mouth Gods Name is knowne:
But *God* all honesty and shamefastnesse,
He loaths that is possesse of slouth and sluggishnesse.

A *Sluggard* is vnto himselfe, and all
A most pernicious wicked enemy,
By *Slouth* his mind and body soone do fall
To sicknesses, and all impurity:

He is the bane to all good company,
The stinking Sepulchre of one aliue,
Shadowes of men! Tunnes of Iniquity,
Whose soules base ease, of Reason doth depriue,
Whilst, as a Swine with Mast, their bodies fat and thrive.

We

We *Sloth*, like *Lazy Asse*, at home do finde:
 But listen out, you lowd shall heare him bray,
 Iust like a coward dogge of currish kinde,
 That doth at harmelesse Pilgrims barke and bay;
 But comes a Wolfe, for feare he runnes away:
 Like fearefull Hart, when as he comes to fight,
 But as a Lyon greedy of the prey;
 All day asleepe, but in the dead of night,
 He woorrieth the fould, for hunger and despight.

Oh *Diligence*! perfection of all,
 When as thou dost with *truth* and *vertue* dwell,
 But if to *Vice* and *errour* thou doe fall,
 Thou passest *Haggs* and *Furies* all of Hell;
 Hels waking *Cerberus* is not so fell,
 As popish priests, who compasse Sea and Land,
 Into *Cymmerian* darknesse to compell
 Those that in Sun-shine of the Gospel stand:
 Thus *diligently* they obey their Lords command.

Oh would we be for *Truth* as diligent,
 As they for *errors* and *traditions* vaine!
 But I haue too much of my hower spent,
 Against the *Vice*, the *Virtue* to maintaine.

To *Diligence* I now returne againe,
 Which like heau'ns glorious *Sun* doth neuer rest,
 But like a gyant runnes his Course amaine,
 Vntill she of the garland be posselt.
 This *life's* no *mansion*, but a way to heau'nly rest.

In heau'n are many *Mansions*, heere we stay
 Onely to finish that for which we come,
 If *trewantlike* we spend our time in play,
 And be with *drinke*, or *sleeping* ouercome:

Oh! when our *fatall* hower glasse is runne,
 And we are call'd to render our account,
 Of good and euill in the body done;
 Our *debts*, alas! will all our wealth surmount,
 And our *Omissions* more than numbers vp can count.

OF DILIGENCE

29

This *Diligence* is like one in a Myne,
That digges much earth a little gold to find;
Like *Silkworme*, who her slenderest silken twine,
By *Diligence* doth on a bottome wind:

Like *husbandman*, who little sheaves doth bind,
Wherewith he fills his *Barnes* and *Garners* full:
Like little stones by Morter fast combin'd,
Raist to a Temple large and beautifull:
Like mighty hostes which *Dukes* of single men do cull.

Some by a night-Owle, and a *Dragons* eyes,
This vertue *Diligence* haue figured,
And therefore Poets Fables do deuise,
The *Golden-fleece* so highly valued,

Kept by a *Dragons* diligence and heed:
The *Golden-fleece*, the Kingdomes Peace I call:
The Dragon, him by whom all's ordered:
For on whose shoulders such a charge doth fall,
He must be vigilant, and diligent in all.

This Vertue is indeed most soueraigne,
In highest Rulers which the *Publique* sway,
Who are set ouer vs for our owne gaine,
If them as Gods *Vicegerents* we obey:

They keepe continuall watch both night & day
For all our goods, so they be diligent:
God grant such *Rulers* euer gouerne may
His little *Fold* within this *fland* pent,
To ioy of all our friends, and foes astonishment.

The Latines, *Diligence* deriue from *Loue*:
For he that loueth, doth eu'n all fulfill,
Yea nothing hard or difficult doth proue
To him, that knowes 'tis his beloueds will;

Whose hearts this glorious *Grace* of *Loue* doth fill,
They here despise all losses, grieffe, and paine:
Let heau'nly *loue* into mine heart distill,
I worlds discouragements will all disdain:
For *Diligence* on earth, I *loue* in heau'n shall gaine.

This *love* in *Dauids* heart doth so abound,
It from his eyes and eye-lids did expell
All sleepe, till he a resting place had found,
Wherein the Lord of life might alwaies dwell.

This made the Mount of *Sion* so excell,
That it the glory of the earth became.
This *diligence* makes all to prosper well,
Though but a *spark* of *Loues* celestiall flame,
It gaines vs *love* in heau'n, on earth eternall fame.

Oh blessed *Paul*! had I thy eloquence,
Thy indefatigable paines to sound,
Thy wondrous trauell, care, and *diligence*,
Thy *Masters will* to know, do, and propound.

How many Sees of Bishops didst thou found?
How didst thou preach by day, and work by night?
How diligently Heretickes confound?
And eu'n in *Hells*, *Worlds*, *Tyrants*, *Iewes* despight,
By *Diligence* declare the power of *Loues* might.
Should I the *Fathers* liues trace to the Floud,
And into *Egypt*, follow them from thence;
From thence, through wildernesse to their abode,
By *Iordans* bankes, in *Houses*, *Cities*, *Tents*,

They all are Maps to vs of *Diligence*:
From *Genesis* vnto the *Reuelation*,
Their *Pilgrimages* all haue reference,
To new *Ierusalem*, *Saints* habitation: * *Rev.* 21.10
And we all *stones*, and *Builders* on that one foundation.

As *God*, so we must worke before we rest,
We may not cease till all be finished:
In heau'n we shall enioy eternall Rest,
Which by the *Sabbath* was prefigured.

The *Spouse* may seeke, but finds not in the Bed
Her *Bridegroom*: he is like the nimble *Hind*,
He must be *diligently* followed: * *Can.* 3.1.

But if by *Diligence* we once him find,
* He skipping comes o're hills, and mountains like the wind. * *Cant.* 2.8
But

OF DILIGENCE.

31

But if I onely *speake* of *Diligence*,
 And image-like to others point our-right;
 Yet liue in Carelesnesse, and Negligence:
 I, like the blind, may others Lampes inlight;
 But stray and wander all the while in night.
 Our life's a moment here, if we regard
Eternity : A cloud to heau'nly light :
 Like drop vnto the Ocean compar'd,
 Is earthly Ioy, to that which is in Heau'n prepar'd:

The Ayer without motion putrifies:
 The standing-Poole becomes vsauourie:
 The hottest Fier without blowing dies :
 The Land with thornes and weeds doth barren lie;
 That is not exercis'd with husbandry.
 Thy house and household-stuffe do soone decay,
 Except they be emploid continually :
 Thy lockt-vp garments are to Moth's a prey:
 All things not vs'd, like *Steele* by rust, consume away.

Looke on the nimble *Motions* of the skie,
 How all *moue* diligently to their end :
 Looke on the *Beasts* that *creepe*; the *Birds* that *fly*,
 How they no time to Idlenesse will lend:

Earth, though the dullest Element doth spend
 Her strength, for all the *Creatures* preservation:
 The *Creatures* eu'n their bloud and life do send
 To *man*, for Life's and Bodies sustentation.
 Thus all are *diligent* here in their occupation.

Oh man! though Lord of all, who yet art borne
 To labour, as the Sparkes do vpward flie,
 To learne here of thy Vassals do not scorne,
 But eate thy Bread in sweat continually.

In Labour did the *Fathers* liue and die,
 To do Gods will was Christ his drinke and food;
 Not to *dispute* thereof with subtilty,
 And nice distinctions, which do little good,
 But make things easie erst, now hardlier vnderstood.

One thing is necessary, *doe and liue* :

Practice and *Knowledge*, must goe hand in hand :

The gods for *labours*, blessings here do giue,

Not *curious knowledge* : They that vnderstand,

And yet forbear to doe their Lords command,

Thereby most inexcusable become,

When all before the dreaded Iudge shall stand,

More then shall heare the finall dreadfull doome,

For things omitted here, than things which they haue done.

Like *Plutarchs Lamiæ*, we are quicke of sight

Abroad, at home we lay aside our eyes :

If each his owne affaires could order right,

That town would soone to wealth and honour rise:

The street, where ech his dore sweeps, cleanly lies.

I do not here forbid all forraine care :

To paire of *Compasses* I like the wise,

Halfe of their thoughts at their hearts center are,

The other, round about, do for the publique care.

The *Cynicke*, that he might his hate expresse

To *Slouth*, would often tumble vp and downe

His *Tunne*, to keepe himselfe from *Jdlenesse*.

Base *Commodus*, of all the *Cæsars* knowne

To be most wicked, was not of his owne

Nature so vile: but when his youth by ease,

Into contempt of *Businesse* was growne,

This was the Empires fatall last disease,

Which lost the *Cæsars* all their fathers did increase.

Oh cursed *Negligence* ! that dost confound

Soules, Bodies, Churches, Cities, Families;

No gracious *Thrift* will grow vpon thy ground,

Thy field like wildernesse all barren lies.

It Soules, like deadly *Opium*, stupifies:

It with diseases doth our Bodies fill,

Puls downe our Temples, which did dare the skies,

Layes ope the City walls to Victors will,

And thorow houses roofes rain-droppings makes distill.

Bewaile

OF DILIGENCE.

33

Bewaile with me the ruthfull Tragedy,
 That *Slouth* hath made within this holy Land,
 I meane, those ^a Houses faire of Sanctity, *Abbeyes, &c.*
 Which like so many Pyrami'ds did stand,
 Erected first by holy Founders hand;

First raised by *Diligence*, now raz'd to ground
 By *Slouth*, those *laxie-belly-gods* to brand
 With shame, whose *Jallenesse* did thus confound
 Those Places, where Gods holy Worship should abound.

Behold, with *Salomon*, the *sluggards* field,
 Which all ore-growne with Mofse and Bushes lies,
 Whilst *Rents* and *Sales* to him abundance yeeld,
 He looks not after Industries supplies,

Like *Grasse-hopper*, he skipping liues, and dies,
 Or sterues, if Winter bringeth Pouerty:
 Th'industrious Ant, and Bee he doth despise.
 Oh *Slouth*! the finke of all iniquitie,
 That changest men to swinish Bestiality.

Awake you *sluggards*, you that powre in wine,
 The day's at hand, when you account shall make;
 As of your workes, so of your idle time:
 To some employment do your selues betake,

And sayle not alwaies on the *idle Lake*:
 It is a filthy, muddy, standing poole,
 No good, or honest mind can pleasure take,
 To row at ease in such a muddy hole,
 Though there his vessel's subiect to no winds controule.

Oh you, whom God, eu'n *gods on earth*, doth style,
 Withdraw not from the weight of gouernement
 Your shoulders, nor let Ease your soules beguile
 Of time, which should be in deuotion spent:

Rulers must most of all be *diligent*,
 All euill cleaues on them by *Idlenes*.
 Looke on all *States*, and forraine Regiment,
 They all corrupt by *Ease* and *slouthfulnes*,
 But flourish, and grow strong by frequent *Busines*.

You *heav'nly-Watchmen*, of whom I desire
 Rather to learne, than teach you ought to mend,
 Marke onely what *Paul* doth of you require,
 With *diligence* your selues and flockes attend;

God made you *overseers* for that end:
 As nought more than assiduous *Exercise*
 Of Soule and Body, doth from sinnes defend,
 So nothing fills them with iniquities,
 More than this sluggish slouth, and idle vanities.

Elian doth of th' *Egyptian* *Dagge* report,
 That when he drinke, he neuer standeth still
 By *Riuers* side, lest poysonous beasts him hurt,
 Who lie in waite, him whilst he drinke, to kill:

Oh could we see the *poysoning* *serpent* still,
 Waiting occasion with inuom'd sting,
 Our bones with Lust, and Luxury to fill,
 And vs by slouth, and idlenesse to bring
 To carelesnesse of God, and any holy thing.

That thus would wind vs from all Diligence,
 Like lazie *Sluggards*, onely to rely
 Vpon th' *Almighties* care and Prouidence;
 But lo, the *Israelites* send first to spie

The earthly *Canaan*, which did typifie
 That heau'nly; whither, through this *wildernes*,
 We must not hope to passe so easily;
 They wanne the cities which they do possesse,
 With paines and Diligence, not slouth and idlenesse.

This was their way, this also must be ours;
Priests feet the floods of *Iordane* may diuide,
 Their trumpets throw downe *Iericho's* proud towres;
 But *As* will many bloody blowes abide.

He little thinkes *Hels* force, that neuer tride.
 Th' *Amalekites*, and *Moab* will assay
 To stop thy course to *Jordans* fruitfull side:
 Thou must with Diligence maintaine thy way,
 And fight with hardy resolution night and day.

OF CARE and LABOUR.

35

Lord grant I may, like *Paul*, be diligent,
 Who wrought his owne, and all the Soules to saue,
 That with him in the ship to *Cesar* went:

And though he knew, that God, who to him gaue

Eu'n all their liues, his promise would not waue:

Yet see, he leaues not any meanes vntride,

Lord grant me *Diligence* aright to craue,

And *Patience* thy leasure to abide,

So nothing that I aske, shall be to me depide.

My *Muse* would faine aboard, but *Diligence*

Would neuer let my Meditation end,

And blames me sore, that I with *Negligence*,

Too brieft the story of her Praise haue pen'd;

But *Care* and *Labour* next I must attend;

Which two, with *Diligence*, go hand-in hand:

God, better lucke, me in their praises send!

I now will driue my little *Boat* to land,

And rest, that I more stoutly may to *labour* stand.

MEDITATION 4.

Of Care and Labour.

MY freer *Muse* now like a *Faulcon* flies,
 Who hauing stoup't a *Mallard* at the Brooke,
 Remounts againe vp to the azure skies,
 And for a second *Souse* at him doth looke:

But suddenly she hath that prey forsooke,
 And towreth at a *Heron* in the Ayre:

So though at first my *Muse* had vndertooke
 Faire *Abstinence*; yet seeing *Thrift* doth pray her,
To sing of *Care* and *Labour* next, I will obay her,

This Booke indeed I wholly did intend
 Vnto the honour of *Frugality*,
 And *morall vertues* that her Grace attend:
 But so my *Muse* doth loue her libertie,
 And at the fairest is so vsde to flie;
 She will not leaue her *beav'nly Meditation*,
 For any *Flower of Humanity*:
 Her food diuine of holy Contemplation,
 For any earthly Good, Content, or Delectation.

I grant indeed, that *morall Meditation*
 May much amend our manners, and our mind,
 But no such pleasing taste and sustentation,
 As in *diuine*, the soule of man can find:

And therefore though I often am inclin'd,
 The Praise of *morall Vertues* here to sing,
 My freer *Muse* that will not be confin'd,
 Runs straight on *beav'nly Contemplations* string,
 Else I, in others *Haruests*, loue not meddeling.

And yet I hope no wiser Clerkes will blame
 My boldnesse, here to taste, by meditation,
 The Mysteries, whose knowledge they proclaime
 To vs, as necessary for Saluation:

Thereby to square our Liues and Conuersation.
 And though indeed my Writings I intend,
 For others minds and manners reformation,
 Yet if hereby I may mine owne amend,
 I haue attained more then halfe my wished end.
 It is no part of holy Contemplation,
 To seeke reuenge for vnderferued wrong;
Meeknesse and *Patiences* meditation
 Haue taught my *Muse* to sing another song:

God send me more Wit, then a better Tong.
 Now Thou, that *Adam* in his vprightnesse,
 (To shew, that *Labour* doth to man belong)
 Didst place in *Eden*, it to plant and dresse,
 Helpe me, the praise of *Care* and *Labour* to expresse.

OF CARE and LABOUR

37

Care's an attent intention of the mind,
To any thing that's needfull to be done,
Which good and honest for our selues we find,
And may vnto the publike profit come:

Labour puts *Care* in execution,
And is our minds and bodies Enargy,
In any businesse by *Care* begun:
For when to Businesse we do apply
Our selues, we call that *Labour*, *Paines*, and *Industry*.

Care comes from *Wits* chiefe Vigor, Strength, and Eight,
And ready, watchfull euermore doth stand:

Labour, the Bodies *Faculty* is hight,
Which doth performe the thing we haue in hand:

Where these two *power's* of *action* do band,
We Actors and Directors call them may;
One doth what worke the other doth command:
For as the Body doth the Soule obey,
So *Labour* is to noble *Care* obedient ay.

Labour and *Care*, simply considered,
Nor good, nor ill are, but indifferent,
And not amongst those Vertues numbered,
Which in the Court of *Love* are eminent:

But for they nothing, that is excellent,
Can without *Care* and *Labours* helpe attaine,
All in their Company take great content,
And honour much amongst *Loues* royall traine:
And glad is she, that can their best acquaintance gaine.

Care's like an old experienc't Generall,
Too weake to fight, yet orders all the Hoste:
Labour is lusty, valiant, young, and tall,
And strikes, where foes he may indanger most:

Care hath an eye about to euery Coast,
With all aduantages to win the day:
And though more sweat and blood it *Labour* cost,
Yet which deserueth best, 'tis hard to say;
Neither had wonne the field, had one but beene away.

When

When *Jupiter* and *Hercules* would frame,
 Three nights at once he with *Alcmena* lay:
 Thus to beget one that should Monsters tame,
 Men lost, to lengthen out the night, a day:

Besides, the pangs of Birth her so dismay,
 It little fail'd, but she had borne her last.

By witty Fictions, Poets thus bewray,
 How it *Ioues* ordinary strength surpast,
 A true *Idia* of high *Labour* here to cast.

And thus they make *Ioue*, *Hercules* his Sire,
 Who must on earth all *Labours* vndertake;
 And cleanse *worlds* *Stables* from impurest mire,
 And *Ioue* of him a mighty god should make.

To tell what for immortal Honors sake
 He did, were too long for a Meditation:
 He made the yron-gates of Hell to quake,
 And *Atlas*-like, bare vp the worlds foundation,
 What can be more for *Care* and *Labours* commendation?

He was not fostred in his younger yeeres,
 With Pleasures, wanton Ease, and Idlenesse,
 But fought with Lyons, Tygres, Goats, and Beares,
 Lust, Rapine, Tyranny, Vnrightheousnesse.

No high thing is attain'd by Slouthfulnesse,
 Then spake great *Alexander* like a King,
 By calling *seruile* Slouth and Lazinesse,
 But *Care* and *Labour* highly honouring,
 Which in small time to him *worlds Monarchy* did bring.

No good thing without *Care* and *Labour* growes,
 With them is *Thrift*, without a barren Soile:
Labour increaseth strength, and who her knowes,
 Doth passe through harde^r *Journeys* without toile.

Labour our fiercenesse naturall may spoile,
 But raiseth *Vertue*: *Labour* doth restore
 Those that are fall'n: things hardest reconcile,
 She *Vertue* by employment furthers more.
 In all archievements *Captaine Labour* goes before.

And

OF CARE and LABOUR.

39

And *Pleasure* followes : for obserue these two,
Delight and *Labour* though much differing
 In nature, yet they link't together go;
Delight, I say, still *Labour* following :

For things we labour most to passe to bring,
 We ioy in more, then those which vs befall
 By Chance, and without Paines and labouring.
 That conquest is mo^{re} glorious of all,
 Which hath indanger'd most the *Haste* and *Generall*.

No *solace* without *Labour* : no man gaines
 The Hony, without danger of the Sting:
 He that will haue the Kernell, must take paines
 To breake the shell : who, sweetest Rose in Spring

Will gather, feares not Bushes prickeling :
 But he that in his bosome hides his hand,
 Whom *honor*, *profit*, *feare*, nor *shame* can bring
 To action, but doth all day idle stand,
 He hates all Vertue, and is hated by their Band.

The Roots of *Arts* are bitter, but they beare
 The sweetest fruits : we can no Good obtaine
 But by hard Labour. Thus if we prepare
 Vs quiet Peace, what happinesse we gaine ?

The Minds and Bodies rest, them fits againe
 For *Cares* and *Labours* new : as *Bow* vn bent,
 Or *Lute-string* loused to a lower straine,
 That it may be vp to a higher pent,
 And that the *Bow* may shoot the stronger newly bent.

God here hath placed on our either hand,
 Commodities and Discommodities:
 These neere, those far, *Labor* 'twixt both doth stand:
 To these a way prone and precipite lies,

Who comes to those, great difficulties tries,
 Which they by *Labour* onely overcome.
 Labour which wise mens wishes here supplies,
 And doth to them the trustiest Guide become,
 Eu'n from their infancie, vnto their resting Tombe.

Worse

Worse than the vilest Infidell is he,
 That will not care nor labour for his owne:
 How many goods and benefits there be,
 To men on earth by Care and Labour knowne;
 So many ills by Carelesnesse are sowne:
 Base Carelesnesse and Slouth! But I before
 In Diligence their Pedigree haue showne:
 I sing the vertue of the vice no more,
 She to my Muse yeelds matter most abundant store.

For Care and Labour is the very horne
 Of Amalthæa, and all plenteous store:
 She brings good-husbands store of grasse and corne,
 And plentifully feeds the hungry poore:

She makes the Shepherds lambes grow great and more,
 She is the stay of Trades and Merchandize;
 As good on surging seas, as on the shore:
 All needfull things she by her hand supplies:
 Labour most actiue is, Care politique and wise.

Like Abishai and Ioab when they fought
 With Ammon, and the Syrians on the plaine,
 Both constant, noble, resolute, and stout,
 Both striuing, that they may the day obtaine:

If that the Syrians ground on Moab gaine,
 Then Abishai must helpe: if th' Ammonite
 Preuaile against Abishai: Ioab againe
 Must succour him, with all his force and might.
 Care, Labour thus, from losse, each mutually acquite.

Labour betweene the Graces and the Mind,
 Is as the light 'twixt colours and the sight:
 As without light the Eye is alwaies blind,
 So without Labour dwels the mind in night,

And as the Lord ordained hath the Light,
 To be the meane here colours to discern,
 So Labour, he appoints the medium right,
 Whereby the mind may Grace and Vertue learne,
 And ioyne them fast together by a force interne.

OF CARE and LABOUR.

41

And as all *life* and *active strength* proceed
 From *feeding*, so from *Labour* all our good:
 And as Men, to prolong their life, do feed,
 So good-men haue for good to *Labour* stood.

As necessary to our *life* is *food*,
 So vnto *honesty* is *exercise*;
 And as none will expect *fruit* from the *wood*,
 Except he *blossoms* first thereon espies,
 So there's no hope of *Age*, that *paines* in *Youth* despise.

As is a womans fruit without a man,
 So fairest hopes are without *Labour* vaine:
 Many haue hotly at the first began,
 But *Courage* want to th'end it to maintaine:

Like some rash *Summers storme*, or dash of *raine*,
 That corne beats downe with sudden inundation,
 But soakes not halfe so deepe in flowrie plaine,
 As *showres* that fall with sober moderation:
 Things violent incline to sudden alteration.

And as we nothing to our healths do find
 More dangerous, than *Ayers alteration*,
 So nought more hurts the Body and the Mind,
 Than change to *sluggishnesse* from recreation.

Delight or *Labour*, without moderation,
 Destroy mens bodies, and their wits confound,
 Like *Nightingales*, that take such delectation,
 Sweet notes about their fellowes to propound,
 Their spirits faile, and they are dead with singing found.

Many will *labour*, but they soare too hie,
 Or else most basely sinke downe to the deepe;
 They either will into Gods secrets pry,
 Or downe into Earths baser bowels creepe:

A few or none *true moderation* keepe;
 They either diue for profits base and vaine,
 Or clime vp to Gods secret Mountaine steepe:
 In both their steps no longer do remaine,
 Then way of Bird in th'ayre, or ships vpon the Maine,

You

You that the *Muses* Secretaries are,
 And pen the *counsels* of the King of Kings;
 I know your *Labour*, *Industry*, and *Care*,
 To vnderstand and publish holy things:
 Which vnto you such Ioy and Pleasure brings;
 As we that feele it onely vnderstand.
 Yet mount you high, *Sol* fries your waxen Wings;
 If low, them *Neptune* wets with wauiing hand:
 The golden *Meane* 'twixt two *Extremes* doth alwayes stand:
 Fraile mortall man! if thou with fleshly Eye
 Behold'st the Sunne, thy sight is dazeled,
 Much more with brightnesse of *Diuinity*,
 Is thy Minds weaker Eye astonished:

Glory shall him amaze, that will aread
 The Splendour of eternall *Maestic*:
 Mans Mind, here with *corruption* limited,
 Hath no such ample large capacitie:
 No mortall seeth me (saith God) but he must die:
 Some Meates the appetite do more prouoke
 To eating, we of them must take most heed;
 Such are the *Labours* which are vnderooke
 For too high *Knowledge*, or *worlds* baser meed:

For these prouoke our appetites indeed
 Vnto *Extremes*, from that faire golden *Meane*;
 Which do our Callings here so farre exceed,
 To which *corrupted minds* so much do leane,
 They alwaies fall into a curious *Extreme*.

Base wretched *Cares*! whose *Labour* is in sinne,
 Which bring vs *terrors* in true pleasures steed,
 Vncessantly here taking paines to win
 Base *Mammon*, and this worlds vnrighteous meed;

Or an *ambitious humour* base to feed,
 Or their *meane House* to highest pitch to raise,
 Or for *Reuenge*, or lustfull wicked Deed,
 Or to gaine popular *applause* or *praise*,
 And be a *precedent* vnto succeeding dayes.

OF CARE and LABOUR.

43

As greater *Fowles*, though they be strong of wing,
 With bodies burthen are so weighed downe,
 They cannot mount like nimble *Larke* in Spring:
 So minds of men to these worlds *Cares* fast sowne,

Soone like this world, are grosse and heauy growne:
 And though they might, by noble *Industry*,
 Be raisd againe to vnderstand their owne;
 Yet stupid, senslesse on the dunghill lie;
 Drunke with foule Ease, and this worlds base *Commodity*,
 These louers of the world, though they wax strong
 In things *terrene*, in *heau'nly* weaker grow;
 For *worldly honour* they will sweat and throng,
 But to win *Crownes in heau'n* are dull and slow:

For worldly *Gaine* they ought will vndergo,
 From heau'nly, least reproach or shame will bend:
 For *Princes fauours* they whole dayes will woo,
 But not one howre to God in Prayer spend:
 Thus present *Shewes*, not future *Glory*, all intend.

What Labour hard, what time can we thinke long,
 Which doth to vs eternall glory gaine?
 To haue our wils no *labour* seemes too strong:
 For Vertue, wee'l not least delight refraine.

Thinke but what holy *Labour* may obtaine,
 A certaine hope, and sweet remuneration,
 Of which, the *Saints*, forsaking *Pleasures vaine*,
 Haue by their liues giu'n plenteous commendatiō,
 Here *labouring* all, whilst they liu'd, in their Vocation.

Here Plenty makes me sparing: read the acts
 Of all the holy *Fathers* till the Flood,
 From thence, to *Egypt's Bandage*: next, the facts
 Of *Moses*, *Iosuah*, *Kings* and *Iudges* good:

Haue they not all for *Labour* stoutly stood?
 This shunning *Labour* by a *Hermits Cell*,
 A late device is of *Romes* lazie brood,
 To mumble Prayers, and their Beades to tell,
 But take no *Care* for neighbour, Church, or *Commonweale*.

Is this *Pauls* Watching, Paine, and Wearinesse,
Thirst, Hunger, Scourgings, Nakednes, and Cold,
Perils by land, by water sore Distresse?

Besides, his outward *labours* manifold,

His inward *Cares* the Church in Peace to hold?

A liuing man lye buried in a tombe;

Lest worldly *cares* and *labours* him withhold

From contemplation of that heau'nly roome,

Where neuer such a slouthfull, idle wretch shall come.

Braue *active* spirits! though in Contemplation

I spend much time, yet I your liues do hold

To be more worthy praise and admiration,

You bring to vs all good, and ill withhold:

You, whose great *cares* and *labours* do vphold,

Like *Atlas* shoulders, ciuill Government:

Your *Splendors* we, your *cares* cannot behold,

Who know the Care and Weight of Regiment;

Would neuer enuy them, their *glory* and content.

O *Muses* Darlings! do not then abuse

Your heau'nly *Numbers*, (which the *Muses* lend

To honour of *Authority* to vse)

Their names with blots and infamy to blend.

Your *Muse* not able is to apprehend

Their deepe Foresight, that States and Kingdomes sway:

With *care* and *labour* they at Helme attend,

That sleepe and sing in ship you safely may:

No gentle *Dogge* will at his *Keeper* barke and bay.

Great *Keeper* of this famous *Brittish* Ile!

How dost thou *care* and *labour* for our ease?

Besides Kings ordinary Paynes and Toyle

In *Gouernement*, thy Writings do increase

To largest Volumes, for the *Churches* Peace:

For Christs pure *Spouse*, and thy deare *Kingdomes* weale:

Thy *Watchings*, *Prayers*, *Labours*, neuer cease,

Else blos'mes of Vines, the *Foxes* soone would steale,

Or wild *Bore* root yp all thy Church and Commonweale.

When

OF CARE and LABOUR.

45

When in his large, wise, vnderstanding heart,
 We, for our Good, such *cares continuall* see,
 What secret Malice can a man peruert,
 To deeme that in his Loue, and Wisedome he
 Aduance will any to Authoritie;
 But whom he eu'ry way doth able finde,
 To *care* and *labour* for the safety
 Of Church and Kingdome, to his *care* assign'd?
 Wise *Masters* best discerne how *Servants* are inclin'd.

Great *Peeres* appointed, by this Master wise,
 To Rule his Kingdome, and adorne his Hall,
 Of him learne *Labour* and *braue exercise*,
 And doe not vnto idle gaming fall:

The Bane of Court, Towne, Country, Church and all:
 Oh spend the time you from employment spare,
 In *Tilting*, *Hunting*, *Armes*, *Arts Liberall*,
 And so with *Piety* your minds prepare,
 To *labour* in your charge, and haue of *heav'n* a care.

Besides examples of your earthly King,
 Looke on our Lord that sits in *heav'n* aboue:
 Who heere on earth was alwayes *labouring*,
 Now as our Head himselfe he doth approue,
 Most *carefull* for his *Sponse* and *dearest Loue*.
 See his *Disciples*, *Saints* and *Martyrs* all,
 How *carefull* and *laborious* they proue,
 In *Writings*, *Preachings* *Counsels generall*,
 Relieuing poore in want, redeeming *Saints* from thrall,
 Amongst these *Lights of Labour*, with me looke
 On one, though *little*, yet of *wondrous might*,
 Who, *Dauid-like*, takes stones out of the Brooke,
 The proud *Goliath* in the front to smite:

Oh how do'st thou most valiantly acquite!
 God and his Church, against *Rome's* railing Host,
 And that *Angean stable* purgest quite,
 Though it thee mickle *care* and *labour* cost:
 Of this would *Here's* les more, than all his *labours* boast.

D

Could

Could Sloth her selfe that sweet Delight but taste,
Which comes of Paines and honest exercise,
Her precious time & strength she would not waste,
In Idlenesse and worldly vanities.

But like to nimble Larke world early rise,
Who mounting first to heau'n *Devotions* sings,
And afterwards her *businessse* applies,
So long as Light lends vse of eyes or wings,
And then in rest enioyes fruit of her *travellings*.

Most sweet Delight! at night when wearied,
We end the *Cares* and *Troubles* of the day,
When *private*, *publique* hauing profited,
We down our selues with Peace and Comfort lay:

Not like rich *Mixers*, to their Soules, that say,
In this abundance lye thee downe and rest,
When ah! Who knowes but eu'n that night away,
His Soule forth from his Body may be prest,
And he all vnawares o're taken in his nest?

Vnnecessary *Labours*, worldly *Cares*,
Which on themselves, not *Providence* depend,
My *Muse* to them no such great fauour beares,
As heere amongst the *Graces* to commend.

All things created serue vnto their end,
For which God at the first did them ordaine,
And all vnto his Glory doe intend:
Why then should man be slothfull, idle, vaine,
So long as heere on earth he doth in health remaine?

He hath a minde firme, valid, rais'd on high,
Able to soare aboue the Firmament,
And by sweet *Contemplation* to descry
The heau'ns swift motion, Order, *Gouernment*:

All things are subiect to his Regiment,
In squallid *Slouth* and ease yet downe he lyes,
Till thou who first didst frame his earthly tent,
Dost raise his mind to heau'nly exercise,
Which may by *Care* and *Labour* him immortalize.

OF CARE and LABOUR,

47

Not *anxious*, *unprofitable cares*,
 Base off-spring of Distrust and Diffidence :
 With present, alwayes, discontent ; and feares
 Vaine, future wants, or childrens Indigence,

Distrusting thus Gods gracious *Providence*,
 Which fills with open hands the mouthes of all,
 Whose eyes looke vp to his *Beneficence*,
 And Lillies clads in colours naturall,
 More faire than *Salomons* rich robes imperiall.

He that this *all* did first of nought ordaine,
 And now it gouernes by wise *Providence*,
 Is by his *Bounty* able to sustaine,
 All those that *labour* with true *Diligence* :

Sure he will giue abundant recompence
 To all, who carefull, faithfully doe heere
 Rely on him, without least Diffidence :
 He for his *Foes* did spend his *bloud most deare*,
 Why then should *Friends* distrust his *Providence* and *Care*?

Kindle thy *Loue* then in my frozen brest,
 Frame in my minde a study and desire,
 To follow thee, that canst direct me best,
 By thy command to march on or retire.

Awake me from *Slouth's* filthy durr and mire,
 Lest *darknesse* me fast-sleeping apprehend,
 From which to *Light* againe is no retire,
 Let me no houre *unprofitably* spend,
 Nor passe one day vnfruitfully vnto mine end !

That *faithfull seruants* blessing on him light !
 Whom Thou so doing, when thou com'st shalt find,
 Grant, whatsoeuer hower of the night
 My Lord and Master comes, my soule and mind

May to continuall watching be inclin'd :
 But lest I *labour* heere too long in vaine,
 I next will passe vnto my Port assign'd,
 To *Death*; the end of all my *Care* and *Paine*,
 To *grave*, where, till the *finall doome*, I must remaine.

There quiet I shall sleepe and be at rest,
 With Kings, which heere their houses fill'd with gold,
 And Emperours, which all the world possesse,
 Yet all too streight ambitious thoughts to hold:
 There small and great, free, bond, rich, poore, young, old,
 Oppressors, prisoners haue like fruition
 Of rest: All turne againe to dust and mould,
 As small an *Vrue* then limits the Ambition
 Of Popes, and *Cesars*, as of Beggers meane condition.

MEDITATION 5.

Of Death.

Come, let's shake hands, we in the end must meete:
 I haue prouided me this goodly *Chaine*
Of Graces, at thy comming thee to greet,
 For thou wilt not for fauour, gold or gaine,
 Thy fatall stroke, one moment, heere refraine:
 Well, close mine eyes, and dimme my *Bodies Light*,
 These shining Gems for euer shall remaine,
 My soule for to enlighten; Oh! then smite,
 It skils not when, nor how, so as *my heart stands right*.
 Ah! why look'st thou so pale, as thou didst feare?
 Thee, before men and Angels, I forgiue,
 I wish thee not a minute to forbear,
 I neuer shall the *Life of Glory* liue,
 Till thou vnlock'st the doore my soule to giue
 Inlargement from this *Prison-house* of clay,
 For which she long hath struggled and did striue,
 Yet still the *Flesh*, the *Spirit* downe doth way;
 And sitting 'tis I should my *Makers* leasure stay.

Thou

Thou *earthquake-like* this *prison house* must shake,
 Before my Soule be loosed from her bands,
 And make my *Keepers* tremble all and quake,
 Lo then a holy *Angell* ready stands,

To saue her from *hels-watches* grizly hands :
 And though *heau'ns* sudden *Light* my Soule amate,
 She forward goes, and nothing her withstands,
 A ioyfull entrance to most happy state,
 Thus passe we thorow *Deaths-doore*, in at *heau'ns narrow gate*.

Welcome, as *sleepe*, to them that right thee know,
 And easie as a Downy-Bed of Rest,
 But thou most gastly-terrible dost show,
 To those, that thou dost vnawares arrest :

Sweet *hau'n* to Soules with worlds winds, waues opprest ;
 A *Rocke* to those that swimme in sweet Delight ;
 Sweet *hoast* of Saints, who with perfumes hath drest
 The *Beds*, wherein their *Bodies*, all the night,
 May rest, till *Trumpets* sound, awake to glorious Light.

To Poore thou shew'st thy *honey*, hid'st thy *sting*,
 The *Rich* thy *Sting*, but not thy *honey* see,
 Like *Iailour* thou doest good and bad newes bring
 To Soules, that in the flesh imprison'd be ;

One must dye euer ; th'other shall be free.
 Thou that dost *Death*, to thine, by dying make
 The *Messenger* of such great ioy and glee,
 Direct my *Muse*, in what I undertake,
 That I may *Death* discern, ere *Death* we ouertake.

What's *Death* but a *diuorce* or *separation*,
 Of *Man* and *Wife*, that neuer could agree,
 From *Bed* and *Boord*, and from *Cohabitation* ?
 The *guilty Flesh* payes *Costs*, the *Soule* is free ;

Yet Both ere long shall one another see,
 Freed from foule *Sinne*, the cause of all their strife,
 And shall in *wedlocks Bands* reioined be,
 To loue, and liue, for aye, like *Man* and *Wife*,
 A holy, happy, quiet, and eternall Life.

But this I of the *first Death* vnderstand;
 (Lord! of the *second*, neuer let me taste)
 This is the way into the *holy Land*,
 That doth into *continuall darknesse* cast:

No mortall Sense did euer see or tast
 The *seconds* anguish, terrour, horroure, paine:
 The *first* is short, the *second* aye doth last,
 Age, Sicknesse, men to dye the *first* constraîne,
 The *Diuels* in the *second*, *soules* and *bodies* chaine.

This, setteth *willing soules* from *bodies* free,
 That, *soules* in *bodies* holds against their will,
 By this, from *Bodies* weight we quited be,
 That, with such weight of *sinne* the *soule* doth fill,

As to the *Pit infernall* presse it will:
 This, takes good men away before their time,
 Lest they be ouer-whelm'd with too much ill,
 That, seizeth on the *wicked*, for their crime.
 That leadeth downe to Hell, by this to heau'n we clime,

The *first*, hath onely power in the *grave*,
Second, in Hell; One, vs depriues of sense,
 By th' other, sense of endlesse Paine we haue,
 Both, haue one name, yet see their difference.

Sinne mother is of both: In *innocence*
 Had *Adam* stood, *Death* neuer had been knowne,
 But *second Adam* hath remou'd long sence
 The sting of this *first Death*, eu'n by his owne:
 Thus from a *Plague*, *Death* is to *Saints* a fauour growne.

Christ meeteth her as *Esau* on the way,
 And giues a charge vnto her rougher hands,
 No euill against *Iacob* to assay;

Thus turnes he to *embracements* all her *Bands*;
Death, made by *Sinne* our mortall foe, now stands
 Our first fast friend, to bring vs vnto blesse;
 And though awhile our *carkases* she brands
 With vile *corruption*, and *Rottemesse*,
 Our *soules* the whilst abide in *ioy* and *happinesse*.

OF DEATH.

51

All first Death gets, is Rottenesse and Dust,
 A Body onely, in corruption sowne,
 To kill seeds of Concupiscence and Lust,
 That it more glorious after may be knowne,

Our earthly part thus turneth to her owne,
 But shall againe a *heav'nly* body rise,
 And as at first, be with the Spirit one,
 Which long hath liu'd in ioyous Paradise,
 Waiting till Christ her *mortall* should immortalize.

Alas! why should wee then be so afraid,
 Heere to endure a little grieve or paine,
 Be it on Racke, or Bed? so I be laid
 Safe in my Graue, my soule thereby shall gaine;

Lord! grant me Faith, and Patience to maintaine
 Hells last encounter, when my Soule is shaken!

The holy Martyrs did not so complaine
 Of Paine, when Soule was from the body taken,
 As when their Conscience by temptation was awaken.

This Death, though painefull, quicke dispatch doth make,
 The second, hath eternitie and paine,

They rightly at Death's horrou, quake and shake,
 Where griefes *within*, more than *without* remaine,

Whose conscience them more terribly doe straine,
 Than any outward torment they endure,
 Who sees heau'ns most incomparable gaine,
 And can thereof by Faith himselte secure,
 Is certaine, Death can nought but good to him procure.

For body fraile, one like his glorious head
 For pleasures, profits, hopes and honours vaine,
 (Whereby than eas'd, we are more troubled:)
 Eternall rest, and freedome from all paine,

Wer't thou, my Soule, but sentenc'd to remaine
 In this fraile body, yet a thousand yeeres,
 Oh! how wouldst thou of wearinesse complaine,
 And maladies thy Flesh about her beares,
 And seeke Death as a blessing eu'n with many teares?

Yea should this life last without tediousnesse,
 Oh ! Doe but thinke that as thou more do'st sinne,
 Thou addest more vnto thy wretchednesse,
 For *Death* at first, by Sinne did enter in,

Who would not leaue these loathsome ragges ! to winne
 That glorious, shining roabe of Righteousnesse,
 Thou shalt not lose thy *Body*, but thy *Sinne*,
 Thou it againe shalt meete in happinesse,
Corruption shall indeede be changed, not thy *Flesh*.

As *Golden Ore*, in Finers fier cast,
 Is not consum'd, but cleans'd from drosse, and tribe ;
 So substance of the body doth not waste,
 Onely by *Death* is purg'd, and purifide.

Should *Soules* heere in their *Tabernacles* 'bide,
 With all infirmities till *Day of Doome*,
 How weary would they be, of rest denide,
 And with their *Bodies* sleeping in their *Tombe*,
 Vntill the ioyfull *Day of Resurrection* come ?

So long as heere our *Bodies* doe remaine,
 They haue like *wooll* one tincture naturall,
 But *Death* them dyeth all in purple graine,
 To make them *Robes* for *Sprites Celestiall*,

For we in heau'n like *Kings and Princes* all
 Shall reigne in new *Hierusalem* for ay,
 The *Grave* vs like each side of *Red Sea wall*,
 From cruell *Egypt's bondage* on our way,
 Doth to the *Land of heauenly Canaan* conuay.

As he, who for ill-doing lyeth bound,
 Trembles & quakes when loosed from his bands,
 He must before the *Iudgement Seat* be found,
 To giue account for workes done by his hands,

But he most stout and resolutely stands,
 Whose *Conscience* him of euill doth acquite :
 So men reioyce, or feare, when *Death* commands
 Them to appeare before the *Judge* vpright,
 There to receiue iust doome, for things done wrong or right.

OF DEATH.

53

As water-drops, which fall in Fountaine pure,
 Die not, but are preferu'd incontinent,
 So *Bodies* perish not, but ay indure,
 Onely resolu'd to their *first Element*:

Our *spirits* fly to heau'n whence they were lent.
 As drops of raine which from the heau'ns descend,
 Are all into the wombe of *Tethys* sent:
 So Saints dead *Bodies* to Earths bowels tend,
 Whence drawn vp by Sonnes heate, to heau'n they re-ascend.

What is our Life? a *wind*, a *course* to death:
 They that on Earth the longest *course* can gaine,
 Runne in the end themselues quite out of breath,
 And no more but their *courses* end obtaine;

To which, they that liue fewer yeeres attaine.
 God here to men doth *life*, like *money*, lend:
 Which at our *Day* we must *pay* backe againe.
 As without *oyle* the *Lampe* no light doth send,
 So when our *humid's* spent, our Life is at an end.

As Pilgrim with long trauell wearied,
 Layes downe his *Flesh* to sleepe in darkest night,
 But *Visions* houering about his head,
 Do shew vnto his *Soule* most heau'nly Light,

And doth with Dreames his spirits so delight,
 He wisheth oft the night would euer last:
 So fares it with the new-deceased wight,
 When in the *grau*e his *Body* sleepeth fast,
 And *Angels* haue his *Soule* in *Abrahams-bosome* plac't.

As Starres of heau'n, which first in East do shine,
 Arise, till their *Meridian* they haue past,
 But do from thence as fast againe decline,
 Till they into the *Western Seas* are cast:

Eu'n so vaine *Mortals*, here are all in hast,
 Till they their highest *pitch* of strength attaine;
 But that once got, they fall againe as fast,
 And downward to the *grau*e descend amaine,
 Some here a *shorter*, some a *longer* course obtaine.

And

And as hee's happiest, whom the swiftest wind
Brings soonest to the Port, and hau'n of rest,
So's he, that soonest in the *grau*e doth find
Harbour against worlds stormes, which him infest.

Death doth but like his brother *Sleepe* arrest
The weary wight, where he a longer night,
Himselfe in *grau*e, than in his *bed* may rest;
And yet no longer, than till *Christ* our Light
Awakes vs, to enioy for ay his glorious sight.

To all that labour, pleasing is the end;
The Traueller inquireth for his Inne:
The hired Seruant, when his Yeere doth end:
The Husband, when his Haruest doth beginne:

Merchant of his Aduentures comming in:
The Woman, when her ninth Month doth expire;
So Saints, of Death haue euer mindfull bin;
For where's our Treasure, there's our hearts desire,
And where our Crowne is laid, our eyes do ay aspire.

Therefore the dying Saints like Swans do sing,
Foreseeing, that they in the *grau*e should rest
From Labours, and be freed from the sting
Of Sinne, which here their liues did most infest:

Why should we with *Deaths* feare be so distrest?
When as the Lord of Life himselfe did die,
That we from sting of *Death* might be releast;
Eu'n Sinne, the Cause of all our Misery,
And made *Death* our first step to true Felicity.

The truth hercof the sacred Pages scale,
When that which commonly we *dying* call,
They call it *sleeping*: For *Christ* did repeale
The Act of *dying*, by his Funerall:

Thus *Patriarchs*, *Prophets*, *Kings*, *Apostles*, all
Lie *sleeping*, till the finall Resurrection,
From *Adam*, to the Iudgement generall,
All to this *fatall Lord* must yeeld subiection,
And sleepe secure and sound vnder his safe protection.

The

OF DEATH.

55

The Wiseman therefore, better doth commend
The Day of *Death*, then of *Nativity*;
By that, our paine and labours haue an end;
This, the Beginning is of Misery :

The *Lord of Life*, who Life and Death did try,
Proclaimeth endlesse Blessednesse to those,
With rest from labour, in the Lord that die ;
Blessed whom he to liue in him hath chose,
But till their *Death*, from Labour they haue no repose.

See, but how wiser *Heathens* entertaine
This fatall stroke, this last necessity :
How they on *Birth-dayes*, lowd lament and plaine;
At *Funerals*, make mirth and melody;

For that begins, this ends all misery :
No man, say they, that doth not *Death* despise,
Can here on earth enioy true *Liberty*,
They onely saw an end of miseries,
But lo! heau'n stands wide open vnto *Christians* eyes.

Ah why should Painters limme *Death* with a dart,
Time with a Syth, before him cuts all downe,
Death doth but lance, and play the Surgeons part,
Time fells the Corne, that's ready to be mowne,

Alas ! what Cruelty hath *Death* vs showne?
Thou art but as a Seruant vnto time,
To gather *Fruits* which, he saith, ripe be growne :
In *wine-presse* thou but treadest out the wine,
To barrell vp in *Tombes* that there it may refine.

As we greene *Fruites* more difficultly pull,
Than those we find hang ripe vpon the tree,
So youthfull *Sprites* of heate and vigor full,
More hardly die than they that aged be :

This is the greatest difference we see,
Betweene their courses that are short and long,
Both goe the broad way of *Mortality*,
Death, like a mighty wind here layes along,
As weake and hollow *Elmes*, so *Cedars* stout and strong.

Who

Who is so strong whom she hath not cast downe?
 Looke all the *generations* gone and past,
 Their ancient *Monuments* by *Bookes* are knowne,
 In *Grave* their *Bodies* all to dust do waste;
 The *Iewes* long-life more eagerly imbract,
 As 'twas a type of *endlesse happinesse*,
 But since *Christ* in his *youth* of *Death* did taste.
 All *Substances* fulfill'd, their *Figures* cease,
 Now happiest he whom *Death* the soonest doth release.
 Happy, though *clouds of stones* thy head infold
 Like *Steph'ns*, so open heau'ns shew pure & cleare,
 And though a *Trance* like *Pauls* so fast thee hold,
 That whether thou *without the Body* were,
 Or in the *Body*, thou canst not declare.
 Though thus *Death* doth like *sleepe* thy flesh arrest,
 The ioyes of heau'n shall to thy Soule appeare,
 Not to be vttered: Lo, they are best
 By *Negatives*, not by *Affirmatives* exprest.
 No eye hath seene, no eare hath euer heard,
 No heart conceiue, no tongue that can recite
 The ioyes, th' *Almighty* hath in heau'n prepar'd,
 For them that here do liue and die aright:
 Oh enter Soule into thy Lords delight!
 This ioy thou canst not in thy selfe containe,
 For thou art bounded, that is infinite;
 Who enters, shall for euer there remaine,
 And for these *finite Caves*, Ioy *infinite* obtaine.
 Oh! who can know this *Death*, and be afraid?
 Although amongst the *pots* thou lie a time,
 Thou like a siluer Doue, shalt be arraid
 With *golden feathers*, which like heau'n shall shine.
 But ah! Thus with my selfe I do diuine,
 Without least perill, by free *Speculation*:
 But should *Death* seize on this my *brittle Shrine*,
 And offer me to act my *Meditation*,
 How should I tremble at my houses desolation!

That

That which is now *familiar* to my thought,
Will bring me then Amazement, Horror, Feare.
Alas! this battel's not so easily fought,
Except *Iehouah* on our side appeare.

Didst thinke, *Death* would with Complement forbeare,
And onely thee delight with Meditation?
No, he will try what courage thou dost beare,
And seize vpon thy *Fleshes habitation*,
It laying waste, till all in *Christ* haue *restauration*.

Then as I feele this *outward man* decay,
Grant I may strong and stronger grow within,
And by a constant *daily dying* may
Be arm'd, against this *strong man* enter in;

That though he seize vpon this *man of sinne*,
My *inward man* may like the siluer Doue,
That newly hath escap't the *Fowlers ginne*,
Fly to her Lord and Sauour aboue,
And be embraced in his blessed *armes of Loue*.

Oh! there I shall inioy eternall rest,
And happy Peace, which here I craue and misse,
And wander further more and more distrest.
What if some little paine in passage is,

Which makes fraile flesh to feare *Deaths pallid kisse*?
That paine's well borne, that endlesse ease doth gaine;
And from Sinnes cruell slavery dismisse.
Sleepe after *Toyle*, *faire-weather* after *raine*,
Peace after *Warre*; ease is most pleasing after paine.

We all are *wanderers* weary of our way,
And hasting to the *Graue* our certaine home:
This world's the *Flood* which doth our passage stay,
Till ^a *Charons boat* to west vs ouer, come.

^a *Death*

Who Life did limit by eternall Doome,
And times for all things hath established,
Appoints each *Centinel* vnto his roome,
And so the termes of Life hath limited,
None may depart, but by their *Captaine* licensed.

Nefa-

Nefarious wretch ! who with flagitious hand;
Dares violate the *Temple* God did raise,
A *Mirror* here of all his Workes to stand,
His *wisedome* to commend, and *goodnesse* praise:

He that appoints the *great worlds* nights & daies;
From her *Creation* to last *Revolution*,
Determins all thy *small worlds* workes and wayes,
Who wilfully then hastis his dissolution,
Seekes to gain-say his Makers constant resolution:

The *longer life* I know the *greater sinne*;
The *greater sinne*, the *greater punishment*,
Yet if thou Souldier-like art entred in,
Thou must go on with stoutest hardiment,

And not depart without commandement:
Oh lie not downe, and thee to rest betake,
Ensuing ills of *living* to pretient,
Though life hath nought that can her loued make,
Yet giues it no iust Cause that thou should'st it forsake:

And yet, O sinfull man ! do not desire,
To draw thy dayes forth to the last degree,
Vntill the measure of thy sinfull hire,
Be heaped vp with all impiety,

Against the day of Wrath and Ielousie,
Whilst thou this sinfull Body bearest about,
Laden with Sinnes, and foule Iniquity,
Their numbers more and more increase no doubt,
Most happy he whom *Death* the soonest helpeth out.

Despaire not yet, fraile, silly, fleshly wight,
Nor let *Distrust* amate thy manfull heart,
Nor *Satans* malicing dismay thy sprite,
Thou in thy *Sauours merits* hast a part,

Oh why shouldst thou despaire, that certain art
Of Christ thy Sauour ? Lo ! in him is *grace*,
From thee for euer to remoue Hells smart.
And that accurst *hand-writing* to deface,
No sinnes can be so great, but *Mercy* may haue place:

How

How then should any wretched wight be wonne,
To spoile the *Castle* of his *life* and *state*?

Is't not Gods doing whatsoever's done
In heau'n and earth? Did he not all create

To liue and die by his eternall *Fate*?

Who dares then strue with strong Necessity?
That constant holds the world in changing *state*,
All ought be willing here to liue or die:
Life, Death, ordained are by heau'nly *Destiny*.

Then witnesse *Death*, that willing I lay downe
My Body, sure to put it on againe;
My fleshly Baggage, for a heau'nly Crowne,
My earthly Bondage in the heau'ns to raigne.

I leaue this Tent of brittle *clay*, to gaine
In heau'n a *mansion* holy, spirituall.
Lo, my *corruption* here I downe haue laine,
For *incorruption*, pure, Angelicall,
And for a heau'nly Parlour, chang'd my earthly *Hall*.

Lord, this I craue, Direct me in the way,
So shall I certainly attaine my end:

If well my *Part* on mortall Stage I play,
Saints, Angels, my beholders, shall commend

My *Action*: God and *Christ* shall be my friend:
And when my *flesh* to *Natures* Tying-roome,
From whence it came, shall quietly descend:
It there shall rest vntill the *Day of doome*,
And then in heau'nly *Quire* a *Singing-man* become.

Sweet *Death*, then friendly let me thee embrace:
He truly liues, that liuing, learns to die:
Now smiling, like a friend, I see thy face,
Not terrible, like to an enemy:

But I with Prayer end my melody:
Lord grant, when *Death* my *passing-bell* doth ring,
My Soule may heare the heau'nly *Harmony*
Of *Saints* and *Angels*, which most ioyfull sing
Sweet *Hallelujahs* to their *Sauour*, God and King.

F I N I S.

TO thee, poore Bird, in Cage imprisoned;
 How like am I, by Ague visited?
 I cannot use my horse, nor thou thy wing,
 And therefore both sit still within, and sing.
 My Muse hath with my Body Sympathie:
 If well, I learne to liue; if sick, to die.

Of dying young.

THis world a banquet is, we, conuines all,
 Where most, by Drinke, to sinne and surfet fall.
 Who dyeth young, is like him that doth rise
 From banquet, ere the wine his wit surprize.

FINIS.

S V S A N N A :

O R,

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF THE TWO VN- IVST ELDERS.

D E V T. 16. 20.

*That which is iust and right shalt thou follow,
that thou maist live and enioy the Land
which the Lord thy God giueth thee.*



LONDON,

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